THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 78.

APOLOGY.

THERE is an ingenuousness in the confession of error which takes away the necessity of reproof. Moralists have asserted that whoever subjects his pride to the humiliation of apology has already made some progress in the road of reformation, and some compensation for former impropriety.

A bad excuse however according to the proverb is worse than none. The action which cannot be defended upon principle had better be passed over in silence, and if originally wrong can never be mended by attempts to support it on untenable ground. He who seeks to palliate what needs an excuse, by mistaking the motive which led to it, who trusts to his ingenuity to extenuate his fault, and relies for apology on invention more than integrity adds the folly of equivocation to former inconsistency, and joins pertinacity in error to the meanness of deception.

There are some duties involved upon us in consequence of our connexions in society, which, although the breach be attended with no moral wrong, never admit of excuse for neglect. Some forms of politeness require always to be adhered to, and some civilities must never be omitted. These however are often neglected amid the engagements of business or forgotten in the allurements of pleasure, and as often give rise to ludicrous situations in awkward attempts at apology. Some mistakes would never be noticed, and others would pass away with very little impression if it were not that an apology is continually thrust in the ear, to remind one of difficulties which had better be forgotten, and renew unpleasant sensations which were beginning to subside.

Yet although forgetfulness of propriety be a common failing, a remembrance of the requisitions of pride is equally general, and most people therefore trust to the chance of a lucky thought or a successful expedient to relieve their embarrassment, rather than mortify their dignity by submission, and by consenting to be considered as failing where every body is liable to err. He who can say nothing in his own defence stands self convicted before his accuser, and he who is convicted by his own confession, has little to produce in mitigation of punishment; it is easier therefore to offer an apology than yield to conviction, and hence in spite of the proverb, a bad excuse is found to be "better than none."

But by some strange kind of inconsistency, those who would disdain to apologize for a real fault, make part of their politeness consist in excuses for such as are feigned; and could be no worse treated than by being taken in earnest when all their intention is only to be civil.

Dean Swift it is said, had been invited to a dinner, where the lady of the house, anxious to give so respectable a guest a most magnificent reception, had exerted all her skill in the arrangement and elegance of the table, but not contented with what she had been able to do, abounded in apologies for the things she omitted, and received the Dean at dinner with a feigned regret that all her preparations were unworthy a visitor so distinguished and honourable. You knew I was coming, (said the crusty Doctor) why could you not get something that was fit for me to eat? And immediately took his hat and departed.

This instance in an original and eccentric character is indeed in the extreme; but it shows in a forcible manner the operation of that politeness which consists in apology, and in striving to make folks happy by giving them frequent information of the incompetency of the means.

We need not seek for exemplifications of this matter in the distant adventures of the Dean of St. Patrick. We meet with them every day in common life—they are crouded upon us by every one of that numerous class, who in spite of nature and education strive to be fashionable.

Superbus is known to almost every one of our readers. He is gay, elegant and fashionable; or if this may not be said of him, it can with truth be asserted that he is very desirous of attaining the character. It is his delight to mix with the gay world, to be known as the intimate of fashionable parties, the leader of taste, the director of etiquette, in short, the very *arbiter elegantium*.

It so happened that one of our city ladies gave a superb party, and among her cards of invitation accidentally omitted Superbus. The good gentleman was mortified in the extreme, and has every time they meet the comfort of a renewal by her aukward apologies and great regret that she was so unfortunate as to *forget* him; much to the amusement of all those who delight to see self sufficiency humbled and confidence repressed.

Careless called the other morning on Mrs. X. She received him with much civility, "but as she had not expected the pleasure of seeing him must apologize for being quite *en dishabille*, particularly as no one was at home but her husband."

Octavian was the other evening invited to stay supper with an acquaintance. But the lady was so liberal in apologies for the servants, the provision and the cookery, that she spoilt his appetite by excess of kindness, and from a profusion of dainties sent him supperless to bed.

Thus it is that misplaced politeness becomes more offensive and troublesome than open incivility, and a mistake or an accident of no consequence in itself, is increased by attempts to support it into a serious inconvenience. That would pass away well enough as a common accident which is brought into notice by excess of apology, and what would never be noticed as any way wrong is made extremely distressing by this officious attempt to extenuate its error.

L.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. MONTGOMERY.

CONCLUDED

From Wath, where Montgomery had sought only a temporary residence, he removed in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, of Sheffield, who then printed a newspaper, in which popular politics were advocated with great zeal and ability. To this paper he contributed essays and verses occasionally; but though politics sometimes engaged the service of his hand, the Muses had his whole heart, and he sedulously cultivated their favour, though no longer with those false, yet animating hopes, which formerly stimulated his exertions. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England, a gentleman to whom Montgomery was almost an entire stranger, enabled him to undertake the publication of the newspaper on his own account; but it was a perilous situation on which he entered: the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor soon fell upon him. At the present day it would scarcely be believed, were it not to be found in the records of a court of justice, that in 1795 Montgomery was convicted of having libelled the war, then carrying on between Great Britain and France, by publishing, at the request of a stranger, whom he had never before seen, a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, *nine months before the war began.* This fact was admitted in court; and though the name of this country did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment, of any kind whatever, affixed to the original words, which were composed at the time, and in censure of the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation and march to Paris, he was pronounced *guilty*, and sentenced to three months imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after one hour's deliberation, was "*Guilty of publishing.*" This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, add to deduce the malicious intention not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song: another hour's deliberation produced a general verdict of "*Guilty.*"—This transaction requires no comment.

Scarcely had Montgomery returned to his home, when he was again called upon, to answer for another offence. A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the warmth of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper; the detail was deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six months imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds. The magistrate, who prosecuted him on this occasion, is now dead, and Montgomery would be the last man in the world who could permit any thing to be said here, in justification of himself, which might seem to cast a reflection on the memory of one, who afterwards treated him with the most friendly attention, and promoted his interest by every means in his power.

The active imagination of Montgomery had induced him to suppose that the deprivation of liberty was the loss of every earthly good: in confinement he learned another lesson, and he bore it with fortitude and cheerfulness. In York castle he had opportunities of amusement, as well as leisure for study, and he found kindness, consolation, and

friendship within the walls of a prison. During confinement he wrote and prepared for the press, a volume of poems, whish he published in 1797, under the title of "*Prison Amusements*;" but his spirits and his hopes were now so broken, that he made no exertion to recommend this work to public attention. Since that time he has continued to live at Sheffield, and conduct his newspaper with tolerable quiet; but the wayward events of his youth, his political sufferings, and the disappointment of his fondest hopes at an early period of life, have hitherto borne him down, with such a weight of listlessness at one time, and despondency at another, that for the last ten years he has neither sought for fame nor fortune, with the diligence and perseverance that are necessary to their attainment. It is a fact well known among his friends, that his last volume was more than three years in passing through his own press, during which period most of the pieces of which it is composed were written, and the place now occupied by the Wanderer of Switzerland, was first filled by another poem, and of a very different character which the author cancelled, after nearly the whole was printed off. The success this volume has obtained cannot be attributed to any exertions he has made to promote its circulation; had it depended on these only, it is probable it would have shared the fate of his Prison Amusements, and have been already forgotten, or rather never known.

Such are the principal events of the first thirty-five years of the life of James Montgomery, of whom it may be said, nature never infused into a human composition a greater portion of kindness and genuine philanthropy; a heart more sensibly alive to every better, as well as every finer feeling, never beat in a human breast; perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character, and composition, ever more exactly correspond with each other, than the subject of this memoir, and the late William Cowper, the Olney poet. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness to solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and, to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy. One who has been honoured with his confidence and esteem, and who, with very few exceptions, has passed hours with him daily, for the last fourteen years, may surely be permitted to bear testimony to his steady attachment as a friend, and his excellence as an associate. Little known even by his townsmen, he has been erroneously supposed to have a strong predilection in favour of politics, which though in some measure connected with his business, are but rarely permitted to interfere with his studies, or mingle with his amusements. His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed; his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that prevades them. When animated by conversation, his eye is uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence; he possesses great command of language; his observations are those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are frequently strikingly metaphorical & eloquent. By all who see and converse with him, he is esteemed; by all who know him, he is beloved.

THE JOURNEY.

An Allegory imitated from the German.

TRANSLATED FOR THE EMERALD,

From the French.

[The French are as distinguished for their aptness in the trifles of literature as they ever were for politeness of manners or elegance of dress.—*Vive la bagatelle* has been an universal motto from the Court to the market place, from the philosopher to the singer of ballads.

In the subsequent article, which is one of the kind we mention, there is a pointed illustration of the sentiment "that a prophet is not without honour except in his own country."

Perhaps the personification of Native and Foreign country, *(La Patrie & Pays ètrangér)* may appear incorrect to the English reader, but it is consonant to the genius of the French language, and the point of the allegory could only be conveyed by a literal translation.....*Eme. Edrs.*]

A YOUNG man who conceived a wish to travel departed from the land of *Good Fame* where he lived, for a city in which that sort of trafic is pursued which is called *worldly commerce*.

Without fear or inquietude he passed on the road of *Conscience*, when suddenly three robbers called *Calumny*, *Error* and *Envy* beset him. Beating him to the earth they tore from him the mantle of *Public esteem*, the vestments of *Honour* and and *Probity*, and inflicted on him deep wounds with the weapons of *Falsehood* and *Malice*.

He now expected the death of *Shame*. *Native Country* saw him and though her obligations to him were great, left him with averted looks uttering half stifled expressions of contempt and opprobrium. *Affinity* next followed: this wretch has no claim to my succour, said she, and passsed on the opposite side. *Education* came after. Though a good dame she is suspicious and severe: Have my counsels been forgotten, said she, that you are thus chastised? Aim at amendment, that is my sole advice; and she also left him prostrate.

Despair had now approached him, when opening his tearful eyes he discovered *Friendship* in the midst of a large company: he essayed to follow, recalling his feeble spirits, he elevated his voice.....but the joyous band were chanting a roundelay on pleasure and were unmindful of his call.

Falling to the ground a bitter sigh escaped him; it would have been his last had not *Foreign Country* appeared, and knowing the young man's reputation divined the cause of his misery. She bore him to her dwelling, watched over him, healed his wounds and restored to him the goods of which the robbers had despoiled him. From gratitude the young man exerted all his powers to serve his benefactress, procured for her great advantages, increased her glory and her happiness, at the same acquiring for himself a considerable fortune and a brilliant name.

Then *Native Country* gloried in giving him birth, *Affinity* sought the reflection of his lustre. He owes his success to me, said *Education*, and even faithless *Friendship* boasted his antient connexions. But no one said I once saw him sinking under the shafts of envy, error and calumny and I then forsook him.

X.

La Revue Philosoque, Littéraire et Politique.

ON THE ANCIENT ROLLS OF POPYRUS DISCOVERED AT HERCULANEUM, AND THE METHOD EMPLOYED TO UNROL THEM.

[*Nothing more strongly evinces the zeal of the present age in the cause of antient*

literature than the almost incredible labour which is about preserving the literary treasures buried beneath the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeia. It would almost exceed belief that a piece of bark burnt to a cinder could be subjected to an examination sufficiently minute to decypher the characters it contained. The learned world are anxiously waiting the result of this display of ingenuity and labour. Its process is sufficiently detailed in the following letter. [*Em. Ed'rs.*]

Walton Nov. 23, 1802.

SIR,

IN consequence of the conversation which I had the honour to hold with you, I take an early opportunity of explaining, as far as the want of an original manuscript will admit, the process of unrolling the ancient *Papyri*, discovered in Herculaneum.

The *Papyri*, of the Greeks and Romans, are undoubtedly known to you as the inside coating of a plant of the same name; it formerly was common in various parts of Sicily; a small river, now choaked up, near Palermo, was called *the Papyrus*, probably from the number of that species of plant which grew in its bed: the same name was also given to various rivulets in the island. It is, however, I believe, most common in the neighbourhood of Syracuse, where a Sicilian has established a small manufactory of that article, more indeed to gratify the wishes of the curious, than to reap any immediate profit. The texture is not so fine as in the Egyptian or eastern manuscripts, which exist in the libraries of Paris. This may be owing, probably, to the method of preparation, and not to any difference in the plant.

The *Papyri* are joined together, and form one roll, on each sheet of which the characters are painted, standing out in a species of *bas relief*, and singly to be read with the greatest ease. As there are no stops, a difficulty however is found in joining the letters, in making out the words, and in discovering the sense of the phrase. The manuscripts were found in a chamber of an excavated house, in the ancient Herculaneum, to the number of about 1800, a considerable part of which are in a state to be unrolled. You must be acquainted that Herculaneum was buried for the most part under a shower of hot ashes. The manuscripts were from the heat reduced to a state of tinder, or, to speak more properly, resembling paper which had been burnt. Where the baking has not been complete, and where any part of the vegetable juice has remained, it is almost impossible to unroll them, the sheets towards the centre being so closely united. In the others, as you approach to the centre, or conclusion the manuscripts become smoother, and the work proceeds with greater rapidity. At present there are about fifteen men at work each occupied at a manuscript; and as practice has made them expert, we have a right to expect a copy more perfect than that of Epicurus, which was unrolled in March last: twenty-seven sheets of which were taken off, not indeed so well as could have been hoped, but a great part sufficiently intelligible, to judge of the style of the author, and the nature of its contents. It unfortunately fell to the lot of a young beginner, who in his hurry to conclude, spoiled much more than he saved.

The *Papyri* are very rough on the outside, and in some there are great holes; which roughness is to be made smooth, previous to unrolling them with facility; in consequence much must inevitably be lost. Great care is taken, however, to preserve all the pieces, and when broken off, they are placed in the same sheet, preserving their original position.

When first Mr. Hayter began this process, there was one man tolerably expert, and three only who had ever seen the manner of it; consequently all were to be taught. This may serve as a reason why as yet so little has been done. One Latin manuscript has been found, but it was in too bad a state to promise any chance of success. They are of different sizes, some containing only a few sheets, as a single play, others some hundreds, and a few perhaps two thousand. We may hope from the first, Menander; and from the others, the histories of Livy, and Diodorus Siculus, perhaps the Doric poetry of the Sicilian Muse, or the philosophy of the schools of Agrigentum and of Syracuse. We are led then from the nature of the manuscripts to trust, that the indefatigable labours, the attention and industry of Mr. Hayter, will not be thrown away; and that the assistance to be derived from the English minister, Mr. Drummond, as well on account

of his classical knowledge, and his love of literature, as the advantages arising from his situation, may command ultimate success, and secure the attempters the protection of the Neapolitan government, and the thanks of the literary world.

Your most obedient and humble serv't,
HENRY GREY BENNETT.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

THE MUSIC OF MILTON.

Attempts have frequently been made to force the expressions of an author into more meaning than was ever intended. One espies treason in an epigram, and another finds wit and ingenuity in the common language of daily conversation. It is considered learned to give new interpretation to familiar text, and the commentator who should finish his work without some such discovery, would be considered as labouring to little purpose. The following paragraph has been introduced from Milton's *Tractate of Education*, to prove his knowledge of music, and perhaps with greater probability of argument than is common on similar occasions.

"The interval of convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing the travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learnt: either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches does adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute, or soft organ stop, waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which have power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered passions."

Again—

"He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds [sound
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the
Of instruments that made melodious chime [who mov'd
Was heard, of harp and organ; and
Their chords and stops was seen; his volant touch [high
Instinct through all proportions low and
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue."

PATIENCE.

The wife of Cowper, bishop of Lincoln, burnt all those notes which he had been eight years in gathering, out of a certain tenderness and fear she had, lest he should kill himself with over-much study; so that he was forced to fall to work again, and was eight years more in gathering the same notes, wherewith he composed that useful and learned book, which at this day is called his dictionary. Though a greater vexation than this could hardly befal a scholar, yet he received it with that patience, as not to give his wife an unkind word upon that account.

MICHEL ANGELO.

The views of Julius II. were as distinguished for the encouragement of talents, as his ambition was impetuous and unbounded in the exercise of sovereign power. It was a favorite observation of his, that LEARNING elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and to princes was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty. He was no sooner seated on the throne than surrounded by men of genius, and Michel Angelo was among the first invited in his court. After his ar-

rival in Rome some time elapsed before any subject could be determined upon for the exercise of his abilities; at length the Pope gave him an unlimited commission to make a mausoleum, in which their mutual interests should be combined; though with unequal participation, for the sculptor rather makes the monument for himself, which is to record a name that will live longer in the page of history than the existence of his materials—he alone makes it for another, where a tablet is necessary to procrastinate the hour of oblivion."

"A hundred thousand crowns" was the price demanded for the execution of his stupendous design. The pope approved so highly of it, that he observed, "it may be twice that sum."

THE LION BECOME OLD.

A work, entitled Models of La Fontaine's Fables, has lately appeared in an English dress by Mr. R. Thompson, the following has the true epigrammatic point.

The Lion, terror of the forests! lay,
Laden with years, and lingering away,
Weeping the mem'ry of his youthful strength, [length;
By his own subjects was attack'd at
A cowardly throng!
Bold as he droop'd, and in his weakness strong.

The Horse approach'd, to kick him as he died, [side.
The Wolf to bite, the Ox to gore his
The wretched Lion languish'd sore,
His age but feebly suffer'd him to roar:
His fate he waited without murm'ring, when
He saw an Ass come prancing to his den;
Avast! he cried, at death I don't repine,
But 'twould be double death from hoofs like thine!

BEAUTY.

Beauty is defined by an ancient to be "a symmetry of limbs and other parts, accompanied with a goodness of colour." Lucian, who well understood the subject, praises Homer for comparing Menelaus's thighs to ivory gently dyed in purple; for such should be the colour of the whole body. Ausonius gives us the complexion of the incomparable Bissula, when he says—"Go then, painter, confound red roses with many lillies, and what reflection the air takes from them let that be the colour of her face."

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

Impromptu on hearing Miss —— sing "the Beautiful Maid."

When "the Beautiful Maid" is by Abraham sung,
How delighted we hear ev'ry note from his tongue!
But when by thy lips the sweet air is essay'd,
Oh! we hear, and we see too "the *Beautiful Maid.*"

IMMORTALITY.

The very doubts of the sceptic often suggest matter for improvement to the most moral and considerate mind. The following question proposed by one who had more rank in politics than religion, might with advantage be proposed to every individual who realizes the truth of the matter in discussion. Let it be his object to do something that may comport with the high nature he sustains.

Frederick the Great was extremely fond of making the immortality of the soul a topic of discourse, and generally adverted to it, when learned men, whose opinions and principles he was inclined to sound, were presented to him. It was seldom, however, that he allowed any one to differ from him on that point, and it was still more dangerous for any one to attempt to support an opinion adverse to his own. He soon lost his patience, and always confounded his antagonist by some sudden sally, which was seldom couched in the most *genteel* terms. A Berlin academician was once advancing a chain of arguments, in

vour of the immortality of the soul, when Frederick suddenly interrupted him by exclaiming :—What sir, you wish to be *immortal ? Pray, what have you done to deserve it ?"*

EPITAPH.

Cardinal Brundusius caused this epitaph in Rome to be inscribed upon his tomb, both to show his willingness to die, and to tax those who were loth to depart.

Excessi e vitæ ærumnis facilsique lubens-
que,
Ne pejora ipsa morte dehinc videam.

With ease and freedom I resign'd this
breath,
Lest I should longer see what's worse
than death.

SINGULARITIES.

The proverb says "Boston folks are full of notions," but we meet with them no where more than in England. In a late Magazine we find the following notices.

A rich citizen, lately deceased, left each of his two daughters, as their fortune, their weight in 11. Bank-notes ; and, on being put into the scale, the eldest weighed 7 stone 2lb. the second 8 stone. The eldest, in consequence, became possessed of a fortune amounting to 51,200l. and the youngest, being the heaviest, to 57,344l. and it was ascertained on the following scale :—32 Bank-notes, of 11. each, weigh an ounce avoirdupois ; 512 notes will therefore weigh a pound—51,200 notes will weigh 7 stones 2 pounds, or 100 pounds—and 57,344 notes weigh 112 pounds, or 8 stone.

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a Tailor.—Upon your oath, Sir, where did this conversation happen ? "In the back parlour of my shop, my cutting room." —"What were you then about yourself ?" "Walking about."—"Aye, just taking a stroll in your cabbage garden."

MARSHAL TURRENE.

The celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word ; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory,—he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition he gave it free vent ; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

He used to relate with much pleasure a kind of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world.—the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted much attention.

The Father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne ?

Accordingly with ten louis d'ors in his pocket, the young Turenne was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow passenger ; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed their whole lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow-passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no limits, therefore to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations ; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty ; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and

the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty, to endeavour to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should except the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Turrene.

"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman;" rejoined Turrene.

"Never my friend;" re-added the Chevalier.

"It will he a singular union then," said Turrene; "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions, that they should stop at the same Inn. But scarcely had they reached this Inn, and were left alone in the chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in his bowels. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent, and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for help before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death—Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. Turrene was at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after his disease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir," said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the meantime Turrene, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turrene to return most satisfactory answers. He delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to this interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness of setting you going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and upon the entrance of a servant, comman-

led him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turrene was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who after the ceremony of introduction, left the young Chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turrene so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turrene equally recommended himself during the dinner and dessert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turrene, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprize, obeyed.

Turrene descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant inquired whither he was going? Turrene waved his hand.—The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turrene, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him to the cloisters of the Monastry of the Benedictines, when, suddenly stopping, "My friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the Spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Mare, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholic about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave,—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death.—The permission was granted me.—The thing is done, and the money safe.—I must now return to be buried.—This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave.—Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turrene disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turrene, as we have said, had disappeared.—The merchant called,—no one answered. In a word the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the Inn."

"What, the Chevalier is really dead then said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he stayed not to ask another question but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turrene was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George, as he has been related.

POETRY.

THE ORPHANS.

A Song.

THE trees droop and wither, their verdure is gone,
The swallow to regions of mildness is flown;
The storms of the winter will quickly come on,
And the lone orphan's cot o'er the village be strewn;
Its time-moulder'd shelter then who will restore?
Who fence them from cold, and supply them with food?
The poor man will turn them in grief from his door,
Heart-wounded himself—he can do them no good.

As lately I mark'd where the grey pointed stone
Gives a simple memoir of the tenant below,
Some sorrow-breath'd sighs seem'd to prelude this moan,
Which discover'd the plaints of the children of woe;
"Oh father, dear father, tho' stretch'd in that bed,
O'er which the green turf we've so newly remov'd,
To the Pow'r we submit that has pillow'd thy head,
By the hallow'd remains of a mother belov'd."

"To thy axe would the oak of the forest oft yield,
We have follow'd thy steps, and the loppings have bound:
We have eagerly ran to the harvest afield,
And pick'd the scant gleanings that offer'd around;
But again to thy bidding we cannot comply,
Thy voice can no longer the labourers cheer;
The streamlet our cottage runs mournfully by,
And the tears of sad Autumn discolour the year."

The sadness of Autumn accords to their grief,
It in sympathy sooths, but can bring them no rest:—
Thus the callow brood wait for accustom'd relief,
And the parent birds gladly retur to their nest,
Till the aim of the fowler has doom'd them to bleed,
Then Fate speaks in thunder—the flu terers are torn!
Thrice blessed are they, who, beholding the deed,
Leave not misery's offspring to perish forlorn!

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

'Tis night, and my Delia now hastens rest;
Rapt into sweet visions, I wander alone
Love soothes the fond wishes that glo in my breast,
With transports to Wealth, and to Gra deur unknown.
Soft, soft be thy slumbers, dear innoc Fai!
Decend smilling Peace on my boson delight,
Hope sheds her pure beams on ea long-nourish'd care,
As day brightly dawns on the shado of night.
Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is th voice, sto
Whose sounds my affection insensi
And clos'd are those eyes, in wh beams I rejoice;
And veil'd are those lips, which enr ture my soul:
Conceal'd are those cheeks, where l uriantly glow
The tenderest graces of beauty youth
And hidden from me is that bosom snow, Tr
The mansion of Purity, Virtue,
She's absent:—yet lovely and grac to view, my he
Kind Fancy restores the fair pride
Spring calls forth the verdure of na anew, imp
Her smiles to the seasons new g
No longer soft sorrow my verse inspire lo
Despondence has clouded my spirit
In extacy sweeping the soul-breat lyre, s
Love, Hymen, and Delia awaken